

Wid. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.
Petr. Roundlie replied.
Kat. Mistris, how meane you that?
Wid. Thus I conceiue by him.
Petr. Conceiues by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?
Hor. My Widdow saies, thus she conceiues her tale.
Petr. Verie well mended: kisse him for that good Widdow.

Kat. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round, I praie you tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your housband being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe:
 And now you know my meaning.

Kats. A verie meane meaning.

Wid. Right, I meane you.

Kat. And I am meane indeede, respecting you.

Petr. To her *Kate*.

Hor. To her Widdow.

Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.

Drinks to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes?

Gre. Beleue me sir, they But together well.

Bian. Head, and but an hasty witted bodie,

Would say your Head and But were head and horne.

Vin. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?

Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe againe.

Petr. Nay that you shall not since you haue begun: Haue at you for a better left or too.

Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush,

And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.

You are welcome all.

Exit Bianca.

Petr. She hath preuented me, here signior *Tranio*,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,

Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.

Tri. Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipp me like his Gray-hound,

Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.

Petr. A good swift simile, but something currisht.

Tra. 'Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe:

'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a baie.

Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio*.

Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?

Petr. A has a little gald me I confesse:

And as the Iest did glaunce awaie from me,

'Tis ten to one it main'd you too out right.

Bap. Now in good sadnesse sonne *Petruchio*,

I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Petr. Well, I say no: and therefore fir assurance,

Let's each one send vnto his wife,

And he whose wife is most obedient,

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content, what's the wager?

Luc. Twentie crownes.

Petr. Twentie crownes,

Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,

But twentie times so much vpon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Petr. A match, 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Goe *Biondello*, bid your Mistris come to me.

Bio. I goe.

Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, *Bianca* comes.

Luc. Ile haue no halues: Ile beare it all my selfe.

Enter Biondello.

How now, what newes?

Bio. Sir, my Mistris sends you word

That she is busie, and she cannot come.

Petr. How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is that an answer?

Gre. I, and a kinde one too:

Praie God fir your wife send you not a worfe.

Petr. I hope better.

Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith.

Petr. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid sir, doe what you can

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She saies you haue some goodly Iest in hand,

She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Petr. Worfe and worfe, she will not come:

Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:

Sirra *Gremio*, goe to your Mistris,

Say I command her come to me.

Hor. I know her answer.

Petr. What?

Hor. She will not.

Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katherine.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katherine*.

Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me?

Petr. Where is your sister, and *Hortensio*'s wife?

Kate. They sit conferring by the Parler fire.

Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands:

Away I say, and bring them hither straight.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads.

Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,

An awfull rule, and right supremacie:

And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.

Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio*;

The wager thou hast won, and I will adde

Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes,

Another dowrie to another daughter,

For she is chang'd as she had neuer bin.

Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

And show more signe of her obedience,

Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wives

As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion:

Katherine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,

Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoote.

Wid. Lord let me neuer haue a cause to sigh,

Till I be brought to such a fillie passe.

Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?

Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too:

The wisdom of your dutie faire *Bianca*,

Hath cost me five hundred crownes since supper time.

Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.

Petr. *Katherine* I charge thee tell these head-strong

women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and husbands.

Wid. Come,

Wid. Come, come, your mocking: we will haue no

telling.

Petr. Come on I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Petr. I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that thretaning vnkinde brow,

And dart not scornfull glances from those eies,

To wound thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,

It blots thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budds,

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budds,

And in no fence is meeete or amiable.

A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,

Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,

And while it is so, none is dry or thirstie

Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy soueraigne: One that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance. Commits his body

To painfull labour, both by sea and land:

To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,

Whil' thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,

And craues no other tribute at thy hands,

But loue, faire looks, and true obedience;

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such dutie as the subiect owes the Prince,

Euen such a woman oweth to her husband:

And when she is froward, peeuish, sullen, sowre,

And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she but a foule contending Rebell,

And gracelesse Traitor to her louing Lord?

I am asham'd that women are so simple,

To offer warre, where they shoul

Or seeke for rule, supremacie, a

When they are bound to serue, l

Why are our bodies soft, and w

Vnapt to toyle and trouble in th

But that our soft conditions, an

Should well agree with our exte

Come, come, you froward and

My minde hath bin as bigge as

My heart as great, my reason ha

To bandie word for word, and

But now I see our Launces are b

Our strength as weake, our wea

That seeming to be most, whic

Then vale your stomackes, for i

And place your hands below yo

In token of which dutie, if he p

My hand is readie, may it do hi

Petr. Why there's a wench:

Kate.

Luc. Well go thy waies old

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, w

Luc. But a harsh hearing, w

Petr. Come *Kate*, wee'le to

We three are married, but you

'Twas I wonne the wager, thou

And being a winner, God giue

Hortensio. Now goeth waye

Shrow.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your

FINIS.

V

